

## "Pirates" in Calgary Next Week-end

### Students Raise \$1,000 Inside Two Days; Total Now Stands at \$1,600

Med-Engineer Battle Proves Profitable Feud

TUG-OF-WAR

Good Old School Spirit in Evidence

Ten days after the Ambulance Fund drive got under way, the huge scoreboard on the campus was chalked up to a \$1,600.00 total, just \$900.00 short of the objective. No other university across Canada has shown such lightning progress in a war fund campaign. No other university can claim that a sum of \$1,000 was raised in three days from the students by the students, and \$1,000.00 is the approximate total collected Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday during the Med-Engineer race.

### Fanatics For Freedom Need, Says Dr. Owen

Dr. Owen of the Modern Languages Department, spoke to listeners of CKUA Tuesday evening, Jan. 20. His address was titled, "The Way to Victory." Dr. Owen reviewed action that has taken place in all theatres of conflict, mistakes made both by the axis partners and the allies, and what we, the democracies, must do and avoid doing to win final victory.

Dr. Owen said that in most of the theatres of war we must remain on the defensive for some time yet. There is little possibility of us being able to stage an offensive in the Far East or on the continent at present.

Dr. Owen then went on to describe the smashing of the Italian Empire by Imperial forces. "Mussolini," he said, "is nothing but a yes-man to Hitler, which was Hitler's plan for him from the beginning."

"Events which are happening in the Far East are hard to take, but they must be taken," he stated. "It is obvious that whatever supplies could be spared had to be sent to China to permit the Chinese to maintain their dogged resistance. It is equally clear that we had to assist Russia in every possible way. That decision has proved to have been eminently wise."

"The Chinese have withstood an unmerciful battering; they have literally created a new industry far to the west. When they are ready for counterattack there will not be many Japanese left on Chinese soil except as fertilizers," he said.

According to Dr. Owen, much of our supplies have gone to Libya, Iran, Iraq and Africa. Some of our best trained troops are there guarding the approaches to the Suez canal and the vital oil fields on which Hitler's covetous eye gleams.

Realistically, Dr. Owen pointed out the dangers of over-confidence and the value of facing squarely up to problems at hand.

"We need not expect very good news from the Far East; we will be fortunate if the outposts can be held and the Japanese kept away from the source of supplies in the East Indies. We have large forces guarding the Middle East. It would be inexcusable folly to leave that area unguarded. That is why we have not sufficient supplies for the Far East. We cannot hope to launch an overwhelming counterattack in the Far East until the tanks and planes, guns and ships begin to pour from American and Canadian factories and docks in much larger numbers than at present," he stated.

"Hitler made a mistake when, after the collapse of France, he did not immediately attack the British Isles. He thought the British people were soft and degenerate. It never occurred to him that the British would fight alone in what seemed a hopeless situation. He made another mistake when he underestimated the resistance of Russia," Dr. Owen said.

The greatest mistake that Hitler made, Dr. Owen pointed out, was the forcing of the United States into an all-out war, through the Japanese attack.

"I realize how dangerous it is to prophesy," he said, "but I will risk this: when the disillusionment of the German people reaches an acute stage and they begin to lose faith in their phony Messiah enthroned, the German Army command will either depose him or relegate him to the background, and set up a military dictatorship. Such a dictatorship might seek to arrange peace. It would be the height of folly to listen to them. But it will be the beginning of the end, for it will mark a serious disintegration in the morale of the home front."

The road to victory, as pictured by Dr. Owen, is not straight, nor well paved. "What every individual is anxious to know is how he can help pave that road for the trucks, tanks and guns. If you are not needed for making munitions of war, you can enlist in some branch of the forces



Top left we have Glen Alston digging into somebody else's purse at the request of Mary Arney. In the lower left are Bill Dimond, accordion; Bob Buckley, drums; Bill Nelson, trumpet; and Jack McVea, mouth organ. These boys threw an impromptu concert in aid of the Ambulance Fund. To the right we have a pair of invalids and attendants. Invalids: Don Thornton, Rene Boileau; attendants, Mr. X and Jack Raskin.

### Find it Necessary Change Play to G.B.S's 'Candida'

In utter silence, they waited for the inevitable—a group of melancholy actors who had remained faithful to "You Can't Take It With You" till the bitter end. Finally, his consultations over, Mr. Jones confronted the loyal band with the news that the worst had come. The unfortunate "You Can't Take It With You" had found the burdens of existence too heavy—the struggle for life too hard. With a few kind words of thanks, the director comforted his cast as they bid a final farewell to their play.

But even as the old play was dying, a shout rang out from the U. of A. Dramatic Society, "Long live the Spring Play! Long live 'Candida'!" With this reassuring cry, every member of the cast immediately pledged his loyalty to the newcomer, whose promise was even greater than that of his predecessor. "Candida" is considered by most critics to be George Bernard Shaw's best play, not only because it is so well constructed, but also because it is a brilliant, outspoken comedy dealing in a new and different way with an "eternal triangle." The plot centres around three unusual characters—an Anglican parson who considers himself very modern in his religious and social ideas, but finds that he is quite old-fashioned in matters concerning his wife; a sensitive young poet of eighteen, Marchbanks, who is a remarkably free thinker, and Candida, who, being a compound of all the complexities of mysterious womanhood, puts them each in their places.

Probably the most amusing scene in the comedy occurs when prim Miss "Prossy," more than ever her dignified self, staggers home accompanied by Leroy Mill, a "refined" curate from Oxford, and Burgess, a vulgar, grasping but successful cockney. In a thoroughly intoxicated condition, which horrifies everyone, especially themselves, the three wanderers interrupt a three-cornered quarrel between Candida, Morell and Marchbanks. The arising complications lead to scenes in which tears and laughter are combined in that way so characteristic of the British people.

When presented last year at the Banff School of Fine Arts, Candida received the hearty approval of all, in spite of the fact that two acts were performed with flashlights. A glance at the cast now rehearsing the play promises that the U. of A. production will be equally successful. The cast is as follows: Morell, Johnny McVea; Candida, Evelyn Johnston; Marchbanks, Billy Carr (Billy played this role at Banff); Prossy, Veronica Davies; Burgess, Drake Shelton; Lexy Mill, Lloyd Graham; Assistant Director, Margaret McLeod.

Full of meaningful lines which will shock you into thinking (now you'll be afraid to see it), Candida will undoubtedly be a most entertaining production. Moreover, it will give you characters and ideas which you will be able to enjoy when you mentally dissect the play after the performance.

### 'Pirates of Penzance' Found Lively, Spontaneous--Critic

The Philharmonic's 1942 presentation, "The Pirates of Penzance," got away to a fine start with Thursday night's performance. Though not as finished a production as some previous years, Thursday night's show made up for an occasional raggedness by liveliness and spontaneity. It sent the first nighters home enthusiastically whistling the tuneful songs from Gilbert and Sullivan's piratical opus.

In his second year as conductor, Walter Holowach led the show off to a fine start with a satisfying performance of the overture. As usual in Edmonton productions, the string section of the orchestra was good, but the brass and woodwinds were a trifle uncertain and not always perfectly blended. Considering the difficulty of obtaining talent, Mr. Holowach handled his material splendidly, never allowing the orchestra to overpower the singers.

The chorus, well blended and on the whole quick in picking up its cues, did credit to Mr. Kevan's conscientious direction. The Philharmonic should be congratulated on the enthusiasm displayed among the students when so many male members will give the extra time required by such an undertaking in spite of the demands of army training.

Graceful and beautifully assured in her stage manner, Miss Barbara Gillman was a dainty and vivacious Mabel. She handled her clear lyric soprano with intelligence and control, and seems very much at home in musical comedy. Especially beautiful was her singing of the ballad in the second act, "Ah, leave me not to pine." She was ably supported by Mr. Laurier Picard in the role of Frederic.

Roger Flumerfelt was indeed the "perfect model of an assured and Sullivan major general." Roger is an assured favorite with the Philharmonic audience, which showed its appreciation by enthusiastically endorsing his "Major General." His diction was exceptionally good, even in rapid fire patter, and he made the most of his comedy role. We felt that he was a little too tottery at times, and in his antics we detected an occasion suggestion of his last year's performance of Koko, particularly in a lack of variety of gesture, notably in the second act. Much credit for the effectiveness of Mr. Flumerfelt's performance is due to the splendid job of make-up done by Inez MacDonald. We consider it one of the most beautiful pieces of make-up work we have seen in some time in Edmonton. The whole thing was done without the aid of lines, which gave an amazingly natural appearance.

Miss Norma Madill as Ruth had an ungrateful part

which she played adequately. We were a little disappointed at missing many of her words, which were essential to the plot. She was inclined to be rather stiff, but this may be attributed to first night nervousness.

We would have preferred a little more swagger and variety of gesture in Ralph Jamieson's Pirate King. Had he been a little more at ease his rich bass voice would have made this an outstanding performance. Particularly worthy of note was the splendid job he made of the difficult recitative in the second act, in which he explains to Frederic the "most ingenious paradox" which binds him once more to the Pirates. The Pirate King was well supported by Albert Loree as Samuel.

We enjoyed Douglas Williams' blend of Cockney bobby and Bowery cop, in the policeman's chorus, and some very nice pantomime was evident in the Sergeant's song.

As the three feminine supporting roles Marion Williams, Bernice McBeth and Betty McNally turned in excellent performances. They were charming, and delivered their nicely pointed lines effectively. Orchids go to Miss McNally who, though she had no solo part and few lines, was at all times in the character of a flirtatious little minx.

Bouquets are also due to those responsible for the sets. The set in the first act was amazing for the sense of depth it achieved, making the boat on the backdrop seem to be a great distance away. The set for the second act was almost a scene by Parrish in its blending of shades of blue.

The colorful costumes added much to the visual enjoyment of the performance. Although we have mentioned Mr. Flumerfelt's make-up already, in respect to the whole show we would like to repeat what a pleasure it is to see natural looking make-up instead of the enamelled effect so often seen.

It scarcely needs to be mentioned that a great deal of the credit for the success of the show is due to the Philharmonic's veteran director, Mr. Dalkin. We congratulate him and the Philharmonic Society in general on another in the long tradition of successful Gilbert and Sullivan productions.

Unfortunately this criticism had to go to press before we were able to hear Miss Myrna Hirtle's finished performance as Mabel. However, we did hear her in the dress rehearsal, and we are sure that her rich soprano and engaging personality will win the hearts of her audience on Friday night.

### Raise \$250 Co-ed Tea

The fact that over \$250.00 was raised at the Wauneita War Workers' annual tea in Convocation Hall last Monday is proof enough of its success again this year. Further proof may be had from anyone who attended the tea, because even the soldiers enjoyed themselves. And everyone knows just how they can crab when and if they want to.

Helen Warnock and Chris Willox, who were in charge of the affair, were given whole-hearted assistance and support by other co-eds. Alva Ripley, who was managing the kitchen, had as her assistants Doris Williams, Dorothy Ravenscroft, Eleanor Hamilton, Mary McLeod, and several others. This work entails a lot more than is ordinarily imagined—not only the arranging of sandwiches, making coffee, cutting cake, but washing dishes over and over again, filling coffee urns by the dozens, and at the same time trying to keep everything in a semblance of order. And a word to the kind janitor who so busily carried pail after pail of water backstage to be used by the coffee makers would not be out of place.

Members of the Women's Faculty Club kindly poured tea, and also conducted a home-cooking sale, which proved, as always, to be most profitable. Overtown girls donated many cakes and cookies for the tea, and bread and butter was also given to the girls. Margaret Copeland, Connie Newman, Joan McLeod, Prudence Bamlett, Katherine Young, Sheila Hayhurst, Jeanette Himman, Jean Eagleson and Catherine Fergie were among the girls who helped so ably in conducting and arranging the tea. But it is impossible to list all the girls who gave their time and energy to the affair.

The W.W.V's had promised 30 per cent. of their proceeds to the Ambulance Fund, but were kind enough to give a round one hundred dollars to this cause. The rest of the money will go towards Red Cross supplies.

Thirty minutes grace afforded the campus soldiers by Colonel Warren was appreciated, not only by the men themselves, but by the girls, too, for the added dines certainly added up.

The C.O.T.C. band, under the direction of Sam Smolyk, gave several good selections from the balcony of Convocation Hall. Although their first few notes caused a bit of alarm among the guests, they soon played their way into the people's consciousness. A vocal solo by Miss Jean Fowler, accompanied on the piano by Miss Margaret Anderson, was very well handled. Renditions by a trio composed of Mary Weir on the violin, Frances Clerk on the cello, and Margaret Anderson on the piano, were beautifully played.

### Thursday Night Audience Likes Performance; Four Showings in Conv. Hall

Barbara Gillman, Ralph Jamieson and Roger Flumerfelt Star

HOLOWACH CONDUCTS

Leaving For Calgary Week Saturday Morning

Hesitant feet move nervously across the hardwood; cigarettes are lit quickly in dark corners, glow for a moment, and are gone; hushed and sibilant conversations take place; intent faces peer anxiously through a maze of ropes; deft fingers play expertly across a switchboard; the lights nestle into nothingness; there is a curt hush; the music swells; the curtains part; the play is on!

On the evening of Thursday, Jan. 29, the Philharmonic Society put their production of "The Pirates of Penzance" to the test for the first time. Representing the product of long, gruelling months of practice, the finished work did full justice to this delightful comic opera of Gilbert and Sullivan. There was little or no evidence of first-night nervousness. Quickly the actors adapted themselves to the glaring lights, to the dim-lit mass of heads before them, to their roles and to the tempo of the action.

The cast and the orchestra were in sympathy with each other and combined to give a splendid performance. The music, under the direction of Walter Holowach, was ably conducted, and it is certain that those two masters of musical nonsense, the authors, could find little to complain of in the orchestra's renditions. From the overture to God Save the King the audience literally lolled in the catchy and beautiful songs of "The Pirates."

Barbara Gillman holds the priority on adjectives for evening. Once again an audience was privileged to behold a delightful stage personality, convincing and realistic, lacking in stiffness and artificiality. Miss Gillman's voice was in good form, and the only criticism that might be made against her singing is that at times her voice lacked depth. She thoroughly deserved the hearty applause which the audience spontaneously gave to her.

As Frederic, Laurier Picard turned in a very good performance. Though a little stiff at first, Mr. Picard soon got into his role, and brought conviction to the audience with his self-confidence.

Once again Roger Flumerfelt delighted an audience with his marvellous portrayal of Major-General Stanley. Gales of laughter rang out at his antics and deep appreciation was felt for his fine, strong voice. Mr. Flumerfelt has lived up to the record he set last year as Koko in the Mikado.

Norma Madill, as Ruth, also gave a good performance, but she could have been more convincing in her part. Her voice, on the other hand, was excellent.

Playing the part of Samuel, Albert Loree turned in a jovial, heart-warming performance. He, as were all of the cast, was also in excellent voice.

The Pirate King was played by Ralph Jamieson, and well played it was, too. He was another hearty, jovial character whom the audience took to their hearts.

Marion Williams, Bernice McBeth and Betty McNally, playing the parts of Kate, Edith and Isabel, certainly deserve special mention, for they all were a joy and delight to the audience. It was a pleasure to see them and a pleasure to hear them.

However, in the minor roles, bouquets should certainly go to Douglas Williams for his portrayal of the Sergeant of Police. The audience enjoyed his performance to the full. The one noticeable fault he had was lack of volume, but in the performances to come it is probable that this will be remedied.

The chorus was the highlight of the evening. Both boys and girls did their best, and the result was in excess of excellence. Routines were gone through easily and confidently, and yet no conviction was lost in the precision of them.

The scenery was beautiful and represented the results of long hours spent in workshops; hammering nails, tacks, spikes and what-have-yous, pasting, sawing, glueing, sewing, and so on. The stage crew earned and received the appreciation of all who saw the production. The make-up was under the capable direction of Inez and Billie MacDonald, and bore the stamp of their excellent handiwork.

Costumes came from Malabar's as usual.

The feature of the evening was the appreciative audience with which the cast had to contend. The packed house put the musicians and actors at their ease from the time the curtains parted, and it was obviously a great aid to the performers. A hand to the audience would not be out of place.

In all, the Philharmonic Society gave its patrons more than their money's worth in their first production of "The Pirates of Penzance."

### Unseen Hands Aid Success Of Operetta

Thursday night capacity houses proclaimed the Philharmonic Society production, "The Pirates of Penzance," a hit. Much of the credit for the success of the opera goes to the unseen workers backstage.

If Sir William Gilbert could have seen the settings for this show he would have been delighted with the realistic rocky seashore and calm sea and the eerie ruined chapel. Gilbert was a masterly stage manager. Always he went to the theatre knowing exactly what he wanted, and kept at it until it was perfected. The staging of his productions at the Opera-Comique or the Savoy was as important to him as the writing of the libretto.

This year the Philharmonic Society carried on the policy inaugurated last year. Previously it had been the custom to have the scenery built by overtown professionals. Last year and again this year all the sets were very artistically and effectively constructed by our own stage crews. Fred Simpson is stage manager, and his assistants are Jack Bicknell, Harold Pergamit, Julius Goldberg, Nathan Leith and Merton Brown. Mr. Richard MacDonald is technical advisor.

Actual work on the stage was not begun until about two weeks ago, but the problems involved were studied early in the fall. Fred Simpson built a model stage and designed cardboard scenery for it. In this connection it is interesting to note a remark of Gilbert's: "Of course I planned out the whole stage management beforehand on my model stage."

This year the stage crew were granted \$25 by the Students' Council, and this has been expended on a work-bench, tool and paint cabinet designed and built by themselves. Now, if they could just obtain more than half of Room 56, there would be no excuse for the littered corridor in the Arts basement.

A great deal of credit must go to Helen Warnock for her work on properties and as wardrobe mistress. Much effort goes into the ordering of costumes and the checking of hundreds of articles when they arrive, and her meticulous care with the numerous properties assured that no detail was overlooked.

Much of the credit for successfully setting the mood of the scenes is due to the electricians: Russ Hannah, Bill Giles, John McCutcheon and Lex Miller. The gay sunlight of the first scene and the eerie effect of the moonlight on the chapel did much to enhance the settings and make a success of "The Pirates of Penzance."

### NOTICE

Special train fares are available at the C.P.R. station for students wishing to accompany the Philharmonic to Calgary for Feb. 6, 7 and 8. The tickets are \$5.40 return.

### NOTICE

January 31st is the DEADLINE for applications for the positions of Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager on The Gateway for the term '42-'43. All applications should be submitted to Max D. Stewart, Secretary of the Union, on or before this date.

### AG FORMAL

Next Friday, Feb. 6th, at 9 p.m., the Ag Club will play host to the class graduating in Agriculture this year. The Masonic Hall will be the scene of this year's dance. Decorations will be plain, a huge replica of the new Ag crest forming the main theme.

Dean and Mrs. R. Sinclair, Dr. and Mrs. McCalla will be patrons at the dance. Dress is optional. Everyone is invited to attend what has always been one of the outstanding dances off the campus. There will be no corsages, but Ag ribbons will be sold. The profit from these ribbons will be turned over to the Ambulance Fund.



## THE GATEWAY



Published each Tuesday and Friday throughout the College Year under authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

MEMBER OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

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IN two days over a thousand dollars was donated by students and faculty members to the War Ambulance Fund. It is indeed a matter in which we can take pride, for not only have we shown that we are willing to sacrifice toward the war, but that we are not the deadwood floating around halls that some have painted us. The spirit of fun and the good time had in collecting the money show that this thing of "no college spirit" is just an old bogey. There is plenty of college spirit. It only has to be uncorked.

To the Meds and the Engineers go the thanks of the rest of the students for a great show and for their energy in denuding the campus of spare money. We congratulate them, too, for refraining from tearing each other apart, which is not nice. The Waunetas, the clubs, and the fraternities are to be thanked for the role they are playing. And a lot of credit should go to Blair Fulton for the untiring work that he has been putting into the campaign. His work is far from over yet. There is still a way to go until the fund is completed. Again we ask you to support Blair, and to support the campaign.

And while we are passing out bouquets, we wish to throw a few forget-me-nots to the ubiquitous members of the Dollar Club. That feeling of being fleeced a buck was the joy of giving, in case you didn't recognize it. In last week's paper we asked you to put your shoulder behind the campaign. You certainly have. But a few more pushes are needed to shove the campaign to the top. So if you have any energy in the form of money left, as we are sure you have, give another little push.

LAST week a rumor ran through the city that lies south of Parliament Hill. The rumor was that the federal government was about to put the issue of conscription for overseas service before the Canadian people. Not long after, Mr. Mackenzie King announced in parliament a plebiscite that would ask the electorate if it was prepared to allow the Liberal government to withdraw its election pledge of no conscription.

Inside of a few days we have seen the plebiscite issue a subject of wide divergence of opinion. Unwelcome evidence of what promises to be no small political conflict has presented itself. Those in opposition to the plan say that it is smart but cowardly political strategy, that it is costly, that it will consume valuable time, and that it makes for national disunity. Those who are for it say that it is a matter of preserving the party's good faith, and that it is more conducive to national unity than would be the alternative of a parliamentary decision.

That it is smart political strategy no one will deny. Mr. King, by means of the plebiscite, avoids the issue himself, in no way threatening their position in office. Mr. King's admitted political policy has been "primarily to express the will of the people, not to lead them." This convenient doctrine can easily be translated into the political game of keeping one jump ahead of what the public wishes.

During the last war the conscription issue came to a head in an Act of Parliament and in a general election. The political parties and the country were torn apart. At that time Sir Wilfrid Laurier had recommended a referendum. That this might have helped ease the issue we will never know. It seems probable that it would have been less distasteful than the method employed by the Borden government.

The referendum, or in this case, the plebiscite, is a way in harmony with Mr. King's tendency to reduce both his own political and the country's continued

## CASSEROLE



Co-ed—No, we mustn't. Didn't you know the dean has stopped necking?

Freshman—First thing you know he'll be asking the students to stop.

Many a girl thinks she shows distinction in her clothes when the proper word is distinctly.

"My preference for blondes dates back to my childhood."

"Your childhood?"

"Yes, even then I was afraid of the dark."

Cinderella—Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?

The Good Fair—You'll not go at all if you don't stop swearing.

Some girls like to wander  
Others like to squander  
My girl likes to ponder  
So what?  
Burma Shave.

Prof.—Tell me, what's become of your ethics?  
Stude—Oh, sir, I traded it in for a Ford.

Mary (reading a paper)—It's scandalous. In Africa fine women are sold for 20 shillings.  
Ken—Well, a fine woman should be worth that.

He was telling about being invited to a nudist party.  
He said: "I rang the door bell and out came the nudist butler."

"How did you know it was the butler?"

"Well, I could tell right away it wasn't the maid."

Mose—I hear yo got a new boy at yo house?  
Rastus—Yes, suh, sho is a fine boy, too.

Mose—Do he look like you?  
Rastus—Sho he look like me—he bettah—I hopes.

Prof.—What was Louis XIV chiefly responsible for?  
Stude—Louis XV.

P.T. Instructor—Take a deep breath.  
Recruit—I'll see you inhale first.

Bruno—I hear your pet daschund died?

Peter—Yes, he met his end going around a tree.

This is the story of John McGuire,  
Who ran down the street with his pants on fire;  
He went to the doctor's and fainted from fright  
When the doctor told him his end was in sight.

risk-bearing to a minimum. We are not concerned whether the plebiscite will be of political benefit to Mr. King, but we are interested whether or not the plebiscite is the best way for Canada as a whole to face the conscription issue. Of course, as we know, Quebec is still the heart of anti-conscription sentiment. This was admirably demonstrated by a recent survey of the Gallup Poll. It is natural that Quebec, the centre of opposition in the last war, should be the centre of opposition today. Many French-Canadians believed that their essential racial and cultural heritages were not threatened by the last war. They saw in it only another European conflict. There was no opposition to voluntary enlistment if individuals wished to fight. Baited and fed with unnecessary attacks by English Canadians who were violent proponents of conscription, the French fell into a rigid opposition. When conscription was dragged out of the closet during this war it unfortunately called forth the emotions evoked during the last war. The concept that the defence of Canada does not end at her Atlantic and Pacific frontiers, and the realization that issues of great importance in the destiny of French Canada are at stake have become fairly well accepted by the French Canadians. But distaste in taking the step of conscription remains.

If by means of the plebiscite Mr. King can gently lead those opposing conscription into conscription, he will have expended the necessary time and money well. That the plebiscite will accomplish this remains uncertain.

In the meantime, the plebiscite is backfiring against Mr. King. Many see in the plebiscite the political trick rather than the design for national unity. And the political trick is an offence when the country is in danger. More people are going to discuss the merits and the demerits of the present government, something that is bad when the people should be discussing the demerits of the enemy. There is more talk of having swashbuckling, cunning leadership and less clever methodical plodding. The good qualities of Mr. King are often disregarded. He would be invaluable in a secondary position under some leader who could now and then quiet Mr. King's cautious nerves and to whom Mr. King could give good counsels of wisdom. What many want is a keen, aggressive leader who can inspire the masses to sacrifice, and instil in them the will to win. Some other Roosevelt or Churchill.

## Sound and Fury

The opinions expressed herein are those of the author and not necessarily those of The Gateway Staff.

Criticism is a lost art on this campus. An adept critic must possess a bottomless well of indignation, a complete lack of respect for institutions and persons, a ready flow of invective, and an unshakable conviction of his own God-given mission to set others aright. Since I am undoubtedly the only person on this campus with the last qualification, I am obviously destined to elucidate the many errors of those lesser beings working in and carrying on the activities of this institution. Naturally I expect all my remarks to be taken to heart.

We all want the Ambulance Fund to succeed. We have not all been able to entertain the same benevolent regard for the Ambulance Fund Committee. That group, by its initial statements and publicity, aroused the active resentment of those students who dislike being browbeaten into contributing to the Fund. The Committee's function is to carry out the wishes of the students, not to impose their will on the student body. If they do not accept the premise that the student body as a whole wants to give the ambulance to the Red Cross, they should not have accepted their position. Probably much of the Committee's original belligerency was in the nature of an attempt to overcome the habitual apathy of the student body. The result in many cases was to harden apathy into opposition. Compulsion in such a situation is both ineffective and undemocratic.

While we are wistfully wishing that the Committee would credit us with a few of the simpler virtues, there appeared a quiet, reasoned and persuasive statement which did just that. Some of us then went so far as to discover the purpose of the dime-catchers.

The next statement to appear was as unsubtle a piece of propaganda as I have ever seen. In the newspaper of our University, an institution wherein light and knowledge are spread, there appeared what can most charitably be termed a piece of perverted humor. "And then we have the Japs to contend with. They're bad clear through. Fighting is born and bred right in them. And they don't fight fair. Not that war is any place to wave a book of ideals in, but at least there are a few things that us Teutons don't do, even when we are fighting." We still remember the odd ethic. The reference to "us Teutons" is undoubtedly merely a bad joke. But the writer seems to be serious in his reference to the Japanese. I should like to quote the opinion of another writer on this subject, Mr. Bradford Smith, who spent some years in Japan. In "A Letter to the People of Japan," condensed in the January, 1942, issue of the Reader's Digest:

"The leaders of your military machine have thrown you against us in a war which will be the most devastating conflict of history. It is not a war of your making; from the

years I have lived among you I know that you, the people of Japan, did not want this war. . . .

"For centuries you, the people of Japan, have had to endure a military dictatorship. . . . What we call fascism is no new thing to you. You were brought up to believe in the supremacy of the state over the individual. And whenever you imported a democratic notion from abroad, your rulers perverted it to fascist ends. . . .

"But you kept struggling for a liberal form of government. You almost won it in the '20s, when rising trade and prosperity left your army little excuse for action. But the world depression brought them another opportunity. They assassinated the liberal premier, Hamaguchi; then, against the desire of the civil government, they invaded Manchuria. When conquest failed to relieve the troubles at home, they resorted to terrorism to silence every opposing voice. . . .

"You as a people repudiated the gangsters who claimed to represent you, when in 1936 a general election showed overwhelmingly the popularity of the liberals. . . .

"Again in 1937 you, the people, repudiated militarism. Out of 466 members of the Diet you elected less than 50 supporters of the fascist clique. But now the ingenuity of your constitution became clear. The Diet's power could amount to nothing so long as a determined army clique, with direct access to the Emperor, could override it. And the army's imperialistic answer to you that time was the war with China which, forced upon the people, put an end to all pretence of parliamentary government. . . .

"Is it true that a people deserve the government they get? Do you deserve yours, which has blackened your name as a nation before the world? What has been lacking in you that would have overthrown your unwanted military masters? Not liberal sympathies for you have shown these repeatedly at the polls and in private conversation. . . . "I know that many among you are ashamed of the bestial unprovoked attacks made on other peoples by your self-appointed masters. You are a people whose life is built around the family and who ask for little—a house the size of a Western living-room, a table, a roll of bedding. I have seen how out of that little you make living an art, your simplest acts based on a code of courtesy that lends dignity to daily life. How can you—who are as individuals so civilized—act as a nation with such perfidy and brutality? "Perhaps one reason is that your military rulers have taught you from childhood to believe in the divinity of your Emperors. By pretending to fight in his name and by keeping him virtually a prisoner to its wishes, the army has led you to think it has his sanction. Thus you have been too confused and too

## A Classic on Classics

A Freshette asked me the other day, as people will, "Why are you taking Classics?" I was quite prepared for the half-concealed sneer which almost invariably accompanies that question, but to my amazement I had to admit to myself that here there was no sneer. Was it a spark of admiration I saw in her face? I was not loth to think so, at any rate, and consequently I was eager to oblige her. But she had asked me a question—an awkward question—one I should have settled a long time ago. It was a delicate situation, for if I admitted my own bewilderment I ran the risk of destroying that flattering interest. So I assured her that it was my surpassing interest in languages—with a guilty feeling all the time that this probably wasn't the real reason at all. She went on her way presumably undisturbed, and I went on my way in my usual puzzled state of mind. The partial falsehood I had imposed on a young and trusting nature kept rubbing on my conscience, however, so I was finally driven to writing this.

In short, I sat down and began to figure out just why I am taking the

fearful to revolt." The above is the analysis of a man who knows his subject. It is not necessarily an accurate one, but it is one deserving of our serious consideration as the obviously uninformed view of the other writer is not.

We all appreciate the time and effort the Ambulance Fund Committee is giving in their efforts to make this project a success. We would co-operate more wholeheartedly if their publicity were not so consistently such as to insult our patriotism or our intelligence.

course I am—namely, Honours in Classics. Passing quickly over the commoner rationalized justifications with which I usually palliate my not infrequent qualms and misgivings, I recalled the history of the thing. Everyone had wanted me to take something else—math, or science or engineering or medicine. Maybe I wanted to be different. I was curious too, as I knew next to nothing about Classics. Sheer perversity and idle curiosity—these were the things which seemed to have been the prime factors in my choice of a life work. This was not an encouraging beginning to my investigation, and I felt, perhaps I had better retreat behind my rationalizations. However, I went on.

There were other motives too; little ulterior influences that I won't go into now. They might be just too interesting. But it is sufficient that I found little ground for supposing that I had made a rational and logical choice. Then I thought of the past two and a half years, and decided on the whole they had been good years. I thought of my professors, and decided that I was glad and privileged to know them, albeit I had lost some of the blind reverence of my Freshman days.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument About it and about, but evermore Came out by the same door that in I went.

Well, then, if I was going to come out the same door anyway, maybe curiosity and interest were as good reasons as any for choosing which door I went in. This thought from old Omar made me feel much better. I began to wonder if, lacking the wisdom of an angel I could have made a better choice. With a brief reflection on the further conclusions drawn by this same Omar I returned to my Latin essay. —E. G. P.



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## Rubaiyat

But Not by Omar Khayam

1  
Awake, for though it still may seem like night  
That dashed alarm clock must perforce be right.  
It's bell grows flat and flatter every day.  
Such flattery for me—now where's the light?

2  
Look to the homes in rows about us, though,  
What people them inhabit, God may know.  
I thank him for the Number on each Corner,  
Without them who could tell me where to go?

3  
Here, with a dizzy head in all this Row,  
A Book of Verse, a Book of Note—and how—  
The Class I reach,—a Wise Man's Paradise,—  
This Paradise is Wilderness now.

4  
Into this University, why not knowing,  
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing,  
And out of it, like Wind along the Waste,  
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

5  
There was a Door to which I found no key,  
There was a Veil past which I could not see,  
But my Examiners believed I should,  
And so they gave their Marks to Thee—not Me.

6  
Yet those who ever struggle and strain,  
And he who rests, nor tests his lazy brain,  
Alike to no such alright marks attain.  
As, buried once, they want dug up again.

7  
One Moment in Annihilation's Waste;  
One Moment of the Hell of Life to taste;  
My gosh, the Lecture's over, and my Brain  
Is still at the dawn of Nothing,—oh, make haste!

8  
But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me,  
The Quarrel of the Universe let be,  
And, in some Corner of the Tuck-shop couch,  
Make Game of that which makes as Much of Thee.

9  
They say, the Lion and Lizard creep into our dreams, when we have drunken sleep;  
And when at last, th' impending

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## ONCE THERE WAS PEACE

By Alan MacDougall

(Continued from last week)

In the course of this passage through the Dutch East Indies, we had just sighted Borneo. We headed towards an indentation in the shoreline and approached a staunch, black vessel at anchor, which turned out to be the lightship for the port. On her side was painted, in high white letters, the name *Balik Papan*. Dusk was rapidly giving way to darkness. The transition in the tropics. From the direction of the lightship came a small boat, two rows of oars rising and falling in smooth rhythm. When they were nearly alongside, one could discern the native oarsmen seated in the bow, the Dutch pilot, dressed in immaculate whites. We stopped the ship, took him aboard, and leaving the lightship behind, passed into the harbor.

It is strange how differently scenes appear at night. When we first saw *Balik Papan* it didn't seem quite real. There were strings of lights along the shore, some at a considerably higher level than the others.

This looked rather odd. Approaching slowly towards these lights, we were finally ordered to stop engines and drop the hook. Later, when the rumpus created by the anchoring business had subsided, it was possible to appreciate the night. The moon was in the crescent and lit up a wide path on the restless waters. Closer in, the lights of the harbor were reflected in trembling impressions. With a big cup of cocoa "borrowed" from the galley, we saw the scene—and found it to our liking. Before us the shape of the foremast, with its stays and braces, stood out sharp and black against the fuzzy glow. But the most remarkable sensation was one of smell. The offshore breeze carried the smell of the jungle out to the ship. Never before had we noticed this so strongly. The odor was sweet and thick. Heavy with the damp, mouldy decay of vegetation. It didn't take much imagination to conjure up thoughts of head hunters in this environment.

At five in the morning we weighed anchor and moved in to our berth. *Balik Papan* is located on a fair harbor. It appears more like an arm of the sea giving way to other inlets,

receiving rivers and streams from the jungles over the hills. There were at least two parts to the place. On our side were the docks, tanks and plants which stretched up as far as the ridge beyond the settlement. The residential part was around an arm of the mainland and consisted of houses—European style, with bright colored roofs, which contrasted gaily with the surrounding greenness.

We were to bunker here, that is, take on fuel. The men are experts at this, and have every facility. Within a couple of hours they had pumped 180 tons of oil into our tanks. Everywhere there were signs of oil. The water was covered with a film of the stuff, and the piers were black with it. But the Dutch officials were as neat and clean as though it were Sunday in Amsterdam. We never saw a car, although bicycles were all over the place. An old Dutch custom, perhaps.

Ships of other lines were in for bunkering, and at about dinner time a Dutch military seaplane landed in the harbor. These were the only planes allowed to fly over the spot. Up anchor and away that same afternoon, and once more we were back in the channels.

April 27 found us passing through the Sulu group of islands near the Philippines. Passing close to some, we were able to see villages of straw and huts along the beaches with

(Continued on Page 4)

## Down Under

Being a Discourse on the Nature of the Stack Room

By Margaret Robertson

Some people have enough presence of mind to remain grateful for the small mercies which they have received. Others ever strain and grasp and grab for privileges which they imagine will improve their social standing. And in their ignorance some of these unfortunate deem that the acquisition of a stack room permit is one of the manifold blessings of University life. The blessing is enjoyed mostly by certain eccentric individuals who feel the need of intensive research (into their work, of course).

Just come with me on a conducted tour of the establishment so that you will be able to say that you have seen for yourself. We grope our way down a narrow, partially brick-walled, iron-railed staircase which rouses the morbidity in the best of us. At this point a marked transformation may be noted in the former carefree appearance of the visitor. The joyous spontaneity is gone forever and a rather dull, morose expression settles over the hitherto pleasant features.

From the foot of the steps as far as the nether wall, stretches a table. It is no ordinary table. Far from it. It has supported the reclining heads of geniuses and dunces alike, and bears suitable engravings carved

by the knife or pen-point of some industrious student, seeking recognition in his own modest way. Technically this table is known as the History, Science and Left-over Table where History students, Science students and Left-over students abide.

We stand at the foot of the steps, gazing uncertainly to the right and then to the left. To our left stretch two columns or rows of books with an uninviting alleyway laid down encouragingly, almost pleadingly between them. To our right is an open door which we suspect holds unpleasant secrets for the passer-through. Tripping and crashing over a mass of books, magazines, waste-paper baskets and two refugees from a Poly Ec. class, we stumble through that door into a second, less pretentious room. Here the settled gloom, both mental and actual, is so predominant that we pause only long enough to note a table, somewhat smaller than the other, stacked high with periodicals as indestructible as they are incomprehensible. To avoid confusion, we will call the first table Table One and the second table Table Two.

By this time the need for just one gulp of fresh air becomes overwhelming. Frantically we claw open the one remaining door—the one which in our politer moments is referred to as the English Room Door. Now we see Table Three and a hoard of books dancing inanely before our eyes.

To the uninitiated the whole adventure is apt to prove rather horrible. However, the first stricken feeling which in its extreme forms may verge on panic, soon subsides and the stack room student is ready to begin his career of study interrupted only by the patter of little feet.

There are a few minor points, however, that may deter him in the fulfillment of his very good resolutions, and if his resolutions are carried out before he is, it will be entirely coincidental.

There is, for instance, the routine run off each morning at 10:45. At that particular time a neat, efficient librarian arrives at Table One to unwrap and classify the day's mail. She is immediately surrounded by a timid but admiring throng, mouths twitching, eyes glazed in anticipation, as they gaze in hopefulness at the packages she holds in her arms. For the sake of simplicity these envelopes are known as the Stamp Collector's Association, or the "Whel" Here's One From Russia Club." No amount of debris is too bounteous to deter them in their stamp-seeking tendencies; no pile of discarded wrappings is too extensive. They enjoy stamp collecting in its truest artistic sense, and they probably comprise the most determined group on the campus.

Table One also boasts at least two or three charming little fellows who playfully tamper with the dumb waiter (no reference to persons living or dead), and then amid shrieks of delight scamper to a safe hiding place among the solemn rows of books.

Other amusements almost too obvious to mention are: coin flipping, chocolate bar eating, politics discussing, and studies, ignoring of.

The saddest Stack Room case we know of is undoubtedly that of One Who Wished to Study. Not that his stack room playmates wanted to be cruel. They didn't. But after all, little One-Who (as he will henceforth be called) was actually unreasonable. I shall never forget the afternoon that the show-down came. One-Who appeared dejectedly in the doorway of the Rumpus Room (alias the English Room) and his expression so struck the merry gathering that silence came instantaneously and remained expectantly. One-Who cleared his throat and murmured apologetically—

"I want to study..."

They stared at him appreciatively. Here was a real humorist.

"...now," he added.

There was an undertone of huskiness in his voice which betrayed his sincerity. The members of the gathering looked unsteadily at one another, uncomfortable in the revelation of such a depth of feeling. Then to reassure themselves they laughed—rather shakily. They all rose in an accord and left the room—left it to the one man whom they felt was really great among them.

Some day there may be another

## CINEMA SYNOPSIS

By CORWIN PINE

After a month away from Varsity, your amateur critic is finally back on the job again. And just about in time to sneak in some comments on the 1941 Movie Year, before the Academy Awards are announced.

The work entailed in the College of Education has of necessity hampered my theatre-going. Also, many of the better films of the year have not yet been shown in Edmonton, or played here during my absence. However, I have managed to see a number of pictures which are fairly representative of recent cinema trends.

Suppose we begin with an arbitrary choice of the ten most striking performances I have encountered in 1941. Understand at the outset: a great job of acting means that good writing has gone into the characterization. It means, too, that the story is sound. Also that the actor in question has had capable players to assist him in keeping scenes balanced. Occasionally distinctive portrayals are brought out almost entirely by the director. A critic must give due consideration to all the uncredited assistants who set the stage for performances such as these:

1. Orson Welles in "Citizen Kane."—Mr. Welles, of course, is responsible for most of his own stage-setting, and so skillfully does he fit into it that the picture was nearly finished before I realized more than subconsciously that he was playing Kane.

2. Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York" and "Meet John Doe."—These are the best jobs of a long and distinguished acting career. Cooper is the most relaxed, natural and unaffected person on the screen, yet he has a sure grasp of emotional and story values. His Alvin York is an inspired characterization.

3. Frederic March in "So Ends Our Night."—The finest of a number of brilliantly-etched portraits in a powerful film which is rife with the tragedy of today. March's work as the German ex-captain, Joseph Steiner, is completely in keeping with the sombre mood of the picture; his brief scenes with his wife (superbly done by Frances Dee) are almost unbearably poignant.

4. Veronica Lake in "I Wanted Wings."—This isn't a whim on my part. It remains to be seen whether Miss Lake has anything to offer besides a figure and a trick hair-do, but in this show she unleashes a new and potent personality. You may not like it: I don't myself, but you must admit that she makes memorable what would otherwise be only a routine service picture.

5. Vivien Leigh in "That Hamilton Woman."—A shrewd, yet touching study of the beauty who cut a swatch across English history. Miss Leigh in no picture fluke. Hers is a complete realization of the life of Emma Hamilton, from obscure beginning to sordid conclusion. Hollywood needs more actresses of her calibre. As a matter of fact, Hollywood needs her.

6. Cary Grant in "Penny Serenade."—The most accomplished farceur in the movies, Grant also knows more than enough about dramatic acting. The scene in which he pleads to be allowed to keep his adopted daughter is one of the year's emotional highlights. He and Irene Dunne make "Penny Serenade" a very tender and heart-warming picture.

7. Joan Crawford in "A Woman's Face."—It took courage for one of the screen's top glamour girls to play a female blackmailer with a heart as warped and twisted as her face. Had the film flopped, it might have meant curtains for the Crawford career. However, "A Woman's Face," arty, morbid, and pathological as it was, proved a box-office sensation, and Miss Crawford's work in it was something to wave banners about. Laurels to a very versatile and accomplished actress.

8. Walter Huston in "All That Money Can Buy."—Mr. Huston plays the kind of a Devil most people would like to know: sly, humorous, and clever, fond of country dances, peach pie and parades. At the same time, no Karloff monster has anything on him for shudders. It is, I think, the most amusing and yet the most terrifying characterization of the year.

9. James Craig in "All That Money

Can Buy."—As Jabez Stone, the New Hampshire farmer who sells his soul to the Devil, this newcomer contributes an original and vibrant piece of work. His first big movie role was the doctor in "Kitty Foyle," and he seems destined for the cinema heights.

10. Joan Leslie in "High Sierra" and "Sergeant York."—The most appealing of the new actresses, Miss Leslie gave a moving performance as the crippled girl in "High Sierra," and she is just right as Alvin York's sweetheart of the Cumberland Hills. She recalls quality of Olivia de Havilland's acting in such early pictures as "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Anthony Adverse."

## Other Performances

I've made note of several other fine performances: Margaret Wycherly as Gary Cooper's mother in "Sergeant York"; Humphrey Bogart as the sentimental killer in "High Sierra" (he was very good, too, in "The Maltese Falcon"); Glenn Ford as Ludwig Kern, the young political refugee in "So Ends Our Night"; Martha Scott as a female Mr. Chips in "Cheers for Miss Bishop"; Barbara Stanwyck as a card-sharp in "The Lady Eve"; Charles Grapewin as Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road"; George Murphy as the sailor, Coffee Cup, in "A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob"; Charles Coburn as the department-store owner in "The Devil and Miss Jones"; Philip Dorn as the operator of the secret radio in that brilliant anti-Nazi film, "Underground"; Burgess Meredith as the slap-happy mechanic in "Tom, Dick and Harry"; Edward Arnold as Daniel Webster in "All That Money Can Buy"; in the same picture, Simone Simon's smoking hot comeback as the Devil's assistant from "over the mountain."

The ten best shows I've seen are: "Meet John Doe," "Citizen Kane," "Sergeant York," "Dumbo," "So Ends Our Night," "The Lady Eve," "A Girl, a Guy and a Gob," "A Woman's Face," "Tom, Dick and Harry," "All That Money Can Buy." I have missed or which have not yet been released here, another ten, recommended by proxy: "Major Barbara," "The Stars Look Down," "The Little Foxes," "One Foot in Heaven," "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," "Suspicion," "Target for Tonight," "The Man Who Came to Dinner," "How Green Was My Valley," "H. M. Pulham, Esq."

Best direction of the year? William Dieterle, for "All That Money Can Buy." He has done a grand job with the most challenging of screen subjects, a spiritual allegory, or, if you like, a morality play. I make no apology for being completely sold on this movie.

## Runners-Up?

Runners-up? Medals to Frank Capra for "Meet John Doe," and to Orson Welles for "Citizen Kane." Preston Sturges, most versatile experimenter in pictures, made one gorgeous comedy, "The Lady Eve." Harold Lloyd's initial venture behind the cameras resulted in "A Girl, a Guy and a Gob," another knockout comedy. I liked Tim Whelan's suspenseful spy melodrama, "International Lady." Garson Kanin's sprightly fantasy, "Tom, Dick and Harry," and Fritz Lang's grim pursuit of a human being, "Man Hunt." Credit, also, to Michael Curtis for his skillful handling of the intricate technical scenes in "Dive Bomber." And, if the mine disaster in "The Stars Look Down" is as gripping as my friends tell me, Carol Reed, rising young British director, is the man responsible for your thrills.

The year past showed up two major trends in Hollywood. One was toward musicals. Carmen Miranda's unique talents were exploited in "That Night in Rio" and "Weekend in Havana." Most spectacular musical, "Ziegfeld Girl." Most saccharine, "The Chocolate Soldier." Fastest-paced, "Moon Over Miami." Fred Astaire was represented by "Second Chorus" and "You'll Never Get Rich." The latter introduced sultry Rita Hayworth as a new singing and dancing threat. Sonja Henie had only one film, "Sun Valley Serenade," but it was a honey. "Blues in the Night" was a very satisfying mixture of music and melodrama, with a splendid cast of little-known players including Richard Whorf, Elia Kazan, and Jack Carson. Most popular movie tune of the year? Probably "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." Best musical of the season, or of any season, for that matter, Crosby's "Birth of the Blues."

The other trend was toward sophisticated marital comedies. Constructed on a pattern, these shows, certainly. However, most of them were exceptionally witty and adult, the best kind of relaxation for minds deluged by war news and financial worries. Do you recall "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," "Come Live With Me," "That Uncertain Feeling," "Love Crazy," "My Life With Caroline," "Father Takes a Wife," "The Feminine Touch," "Skylark"? I liked best Garbo's "Two-Faced Woman," which had a tough time with the U.S. censors when first released, and "This Thing Called Love," which starred Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas, and was really the first of the series.

In 1941, the screen avoided controversial issues; there was no successor to "The Grapes of Wrath." "Meet John Doe" was scarcely the social document it should have been. Major Barbara was topical, but probably too conversational and full of messages to be popular, or even understandable to much of the paying public. "The Devil and Miss Jones" tackled the question of employer vs. employee with humor and intelligence, but limped to a miserable conclusion with love as the answer. We have yet to see what has been done with religion, the most controversial of all topics, in "One Foot in Heaven."

The war either a joke to Hollywood ("In the Navy," "Caught in

the Draft") or it called for sentiment, heroics and flag-waving ("A Yank in the R.A.F.," "Dive Bomber," "I Wanted Wings"). "Underground" smacked of shrewd studio manufacture, but its revelation of a secret movement in Germany to overthrow the Nazi regime is heartening, if true. There were two refugee pictures. "So Ends Our Night" put the problem before us, but offered no real solution. "Hold Back the Dawn" became a vehicle for matinee idol Charles Boyer. "Sergeant York" I hope to discuss in more detail at some future time, as it is one of the finest and truest things ever to come from the movie mills. They grind exceedingly slow, but once in a while they turn out something more than the customary corn and chaff.

Technicolor was used constantly all year: most appropriately in "Shepherd of the Hills" and "Blossoms in the Dust"; most dramatically in "Billy the Kid" and "Blood and Sand"; most garishly in "Louisiana Purchase."

## Music and Camera

Background music was consistently apt and unobtrusive; in this respect, I have no preference for any specific film. The best camera work was in "The Maltese Falcon," Glenn Ford as Ludwig Kern, the young political refugee in "So Ends Our Night"; Barbara Stanwyck as a card-sharp in "The Lady Eve"; Charles Grapewin as Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road"; George Murphy as the sailor, Coffee Cup, in "A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob"; Charles Coburn as the department-store owner in "The Devil and Miss Jones"; Philip Dorn as the operator of the secret radio in that brilliant anti-Nazi film, "Underground"; Burgess Meredith as the slap-happy mechanic in "Tom, Dick and Harry"; Edward Arnold as Daniel Webster in "All That Money Can Buy"; in the same picture, Simone Simon's smoking hot comeback as the Devil's assistant from "over the mountain."

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of the Declaration of Independence in "Cheers for Miss Bishop." People enjoy and remember motion pictures for various reasons. Perhaps a comedy cheers them up when they are feeling low. Maybe they see a fine reproduction of a book they have read. Or the show might possess some particular educational or technical interest.

Often it depends on the person they are with. Men, how many movies mean more to you because you had the right woman along? Personally, I can think offhand of a dozen great pictures which have added significance for me because I saw them in the company of some intelligent and charming girl. "It Happened One Night," "The Informant," "Rebecca," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Sanders of the River," "The 39 Steps," "All That Money Can Buy," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Three Comrades," "Kitty Foyle," "Well, enough of personal reminiscences. The point I am making is that there are any number of reasons why a movie will stick in your mind. It is interesting and not without considerable intellectual value, to recapitulate occasionally, mentally or otherwise, the shows you've seen over any given length of time. You may be amazed at the amount of trash included, or you may be agreeably surprised to find your recreational standards improving. I've derived a good deal of satisfaction from compiling this 1941 summary. If it serves as a basis for stocktaking among even a few movie memories, the time won't have been wasted.

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## ODEON THEATRES

RIALTO, starting today—The picture that every Canadian should see, "49th Parallel," filmed almost entirely in Canada and boasting this superb cast: Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey and Anton Wallbrook.

AVENUE, for three days starting today—"Men of Boys Town," starring Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney, and "Saga of Death Valley" with Roy Rogers.

ROXY, for three days starting today—"Hudson's Bay," starring Paul Muni, and "Repent at Leisure" with Kent Taylor.

VARSCONA, for three days starting today—"Love Crazy" with William Powell and Myrna Loy, and "Flying Blind" with Richard Arlen.

## FAMOUS PLAYERS

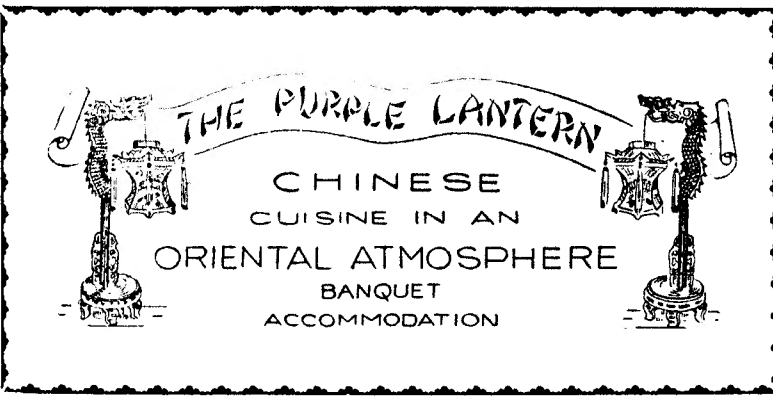
CAPITOL, starting Saturday—"Sergeant York" with Gary Cooper and Joan Leslie.

GARNEAU, Sat., Mon., Tues.—"Look Who's Laughing" with Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, Fibber McGee and Mally; added feature, starting Mon., "The Face Behind the Mask." Coming Wed., Thurs., Fri., "Hold Back the Dawn" and "I Married Adventure."

EMPRESS, starting today—"All Through the Night" with Humphrey Bogart, Conrad Veidt and Karen Verne; also added shorts.

PRINCESS, now showing—"A Yank in the R.A.F." with Tyrone Power and Betty Grable; also "The Fargo Kid" with Tim Holt. Coming Tues., Wed., Thurs., "She Knew All the Answers" with Franchot Tone and Joan Bennett; also "Laughing at Danger" with Frankie Darro.

STRAND, Fri., Sat., Mon., Jan. 30, 31, Feb. 2—Betty Grable and Don Ameche in "Moon Over Miami" and Tim Holt in "Dude Cowboy."



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EDMONTON



# GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

## C.O.T.C. Win 36-30 Against R.C.A.F.

### Med-Pharm-Dents Win Game Against Ag-Com-Law Wed., In Interfaculty Hockey League

#### M-P-D HAVE FIVE-GAME WINNING STREAK

With the completion of Wednesday night's double-header, the halfway mark has been reached in the Interfaculty Hockey League schedule. Med-Pharm-Dents continued their victory streak that has now reached five games, by snowing Ag-Com-Law under 9-3, while the up-and-coming Arts shoved Engineers down into the cellar by administering a 5-1 setback to Bud Chesney's goalchasers.

### Graduate Missing

Don McGregor, graduate last spring in mining engineering, is reported as missing after the torpedoing of the "Lady Hawkins." The ship was en route to Trinidad.

After graduation, McGregor joined Aircraft Inspection. Later he decided to take a petroleum job in the West Indies. He left Edmonton in the first week of January.

McGregor is reported missing, not among the survivors. His home is in Daysland, Alberta. A loyal member of the E.S.S., McGregor attended this season's smokers.

#### IT PAYS TO PLAY

### SPALDING

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### Interfaculty Basketball Standing

Arts-33  
Ags-29

The Ag-Arts game was a disappointment—that is the result, but the Arts, paced by Hu Harries, showed promising form to take the series. The Med and Arts win tied the league up four ways, and the present set-up which says the winner is the team with the greatest number of wins, is going to have its difficulties.

While the speed at which the teams moved down the floor made the game quite fast, it was obvious that the Ags were outplayed, and the cause pointed strongly to little team practice.

In their eagerness to keep up the play the Ags ran up quite a few penalties. Very few of the penalties were deliberate, but 12 penalties for Ags against 6 for Meds is quite a lot. The game, however, was good. The Arts, led by Harries, turned in an A1 exhibition. They led 16-10 at half-time and 23-16 at three-quarter time. Here the Ags played the game that they are noted for, and it looked like they would overtake the Arts. It was then McGinnis, an Artsman, came to life, and sank four out of six shots to keep pace with the numerous Ag baskets. Score ended 33-29.

Lineups:  
Ags—Hoskins 2, Christie, Allen 4, Olson 3, Hills 8, Davidson, Nichols 1, Grant 6, Garvin 5.  
Arts—Fergie 4, Provenzano 3, Kelly, Lutsky, McGinnis 9, Harries 12, Wendt, Hyslop, Miller, Olsen.

into second place as they battle present holders of the position, Ag-Com-Law, while at 4 p.m. the leading Med-Pharm-Dents will take on the Engineers, who are now desperate for a win.

#### League Standing

	P	W	L	T	F	A	Pts.
M-P-D	6	5	1	0	48	18	10
A-C-L	6	3	3	0	21	35	6
Arts	6	2	3	1	24	30	5
Eng.	6	1	4	1	16	26	3

#### Leading Scorers

	G	A	Pts.
Mackay, M-P-D	10	5	24
Dimock, M-P-D	6	7	13
Kusyk, Arts	8	4	12
Stuart, A-C-L	8	3	11
Lemieux, Arts	6	5	11
Brown, M-P-D	8	2	10
Baker, M-P-D	6	4	10
F. Quigley, A-C-L	2	8	10
Brimacombe, Arts	3	5	8
Costigan, M-P-D	4	3	7
Chesney, Eng.	3	4	7
J. Quigley, Arts	2	6	6
Schrader, A-C-L	3	3	6
Brousseau, A-C-L	2	3	5
Smith, Eng.	2	2	4
Panchyshyn, Eng.	3	1	4
Thornton, Eng.	2	2	4
Taylor, A-C-L	3	1	4
Butler, M-P-D	1	3	4

(Continued from Page 3)

canoes sprawled out just beyond the edge of the sea. Now and then a neat red-roofed dwelling appeared. Probably the house of a trader or official.

In this area a slow, humble inter-island vessel crossed our course. She seemed to symbolize peace and easiness. Her diesel engines popped her along at a slow but steady clip. From her bow to her stern was just a modest stone's throw. Over most of her deck were stretched bedraggled canvas awnings under which, no doubt, most of the crew were having a bit of a festa. Whatever run she may have been on, it is certain that she isn't on now.

The night of April 28 we listened to Hitler's speech. Nobody thought enough of it to be impressed. April 29 we were just off one of the large islands of the Philippine group. Two whales of about twenty-five feet overall were basking on the surface, directly in our path. When at about twenty yards distance from the bow, they submerged with a splash. Passed Manila about 10 a.m. Manila is deep, in an excellent harbor. All we could see was a faint halo of light over in that direction, which might and might not have been the city. No sign of the fleet. However, it was Saturday night, and Manila is supposed to have it's share of excitement, especially on Saturday night.

May 1 we picked up Formosa and skirted it on the outside, that is, not between it and the mainland. The next day we dodged lines of fishing nets which were hauled by a small motor ship. This was the first of several such outfits. The ship carried a basket loft, which must be the sign of a fishing craft. Some of these motor vessels appeared unusually trim and neat for such a job. The marine grapevine had them figured out as Japanese armed surveying ships. The same grapevine calculated there were Japanese warships in inlets and on the other side of the island, and they weren't wrong.

A squall hit us when abeam of

At January 27, 1942. Two points awarded per win. Each team has played three games.

Engineers	4
Aggies	4
Arts	4
Dents	4
Meds	2
Pharmacy	2

#### Individuals

	Pts.	Pers.
Warszawski, Dents	45	3
Manifold, Eng.	35	2
Fergie, Arts	27	4
Allan, Aggie	22	—
Kelly, Arts	18	—
Nikiforuk, Dent	16	1
Grant, Aggie	16	1
Eastwood, Dent	16	1
Christie, Aggie	15	4
Gibson, Eng.	15	2
Walkey, Dent	14	1
Lutsky, Arts	14	2
Hill, Aggie	14	6
Olsen, Aggie	13	—
Garvin, Aggie	13	4
Bartlett, Meds	13	1
Taylor, D., Aggie	12	—
Harries, Arts	12	—
Fletcher, Meds	12	2
Taylor, O., Pharm.	11	7
Hyslop, Arts	11	—
Crisafio, Pharm.	11	4
Hoskins, Aggie	8	—
McLean, Eng.	8	2
Reikie, Med	7	3
McDonald, Med	7	1
Miller, Arts	6	2
Bernstein, Eng.	6	1
McKay, Pharm.	5	—
Provenzano, Arts	5	4
Scott, Eng.	4	2
Olsen, A., Arts	4	2
Follett, Med	4	1
Metcalfe, Arts	3	2
Metcalfe, Med	3	2
Porter, Med	3	1
Dickson, Dent	2	2
Scott, Dent	2	—
Davidson, Aggie	2	—
Warren, Dent	2	1
O'Neil, Pharm.	2	2
Chisholm, Eng.	2	1
Geehan, Pharm.	2	1
Milton, Eng.	2	1
Nichols, Med	2	—
Tredger, Med	2	—
Nichols, Aggie	1	6
Bradley, Med	1	1

#### MEN WANTED!

C'mon, fellows, turn up to the Boxing Club workouts! Make it Saturday, if you can't do it Wednesday. These interfac bouts are going to be soon, and the assault-arms right after that. We have a good coach and good equipment, so let's make it worth while by using them. Remember: St. Joe's gym, Wednesday, 4:30-6:00, or Saturday, 1:30-3:00.

#### BADMINTON NOTICE

Badminton tournament on Sunday evening, Feb. 1, at 7 p.m. sharp. Any member eligible. Watch bulletin board for further notice. All members should come out to make this tournament a success. Names may be placed on practice board for following events: Men's singles, men's doubles, mixed doubles, ladies' doubles, ladies' singles.

Formosa, causing a rapid change from semi-nudity to sweaters, sea-boots and sou'westers.

On May 3 we caught sight of the China coast in the form of low ragged headlands. Chinese fishing craft became more numerous. Many of them were junk, which carried the all-seeing eyes, one on each side of the bow. Passed the Empress of Japan to port in the evening, and she cut a noble picture. The same evening the engines were stopped and we just drifted. No berth would be ready until Friday. The wind was cold and penetrating, and it meant a dreary night for watch on the bridge. Up there, the third mate paced to and fro by himself, while the helmsman dashed up now and then to give a few turns to the wheel. Below, off watch, we listened to the Shanghai radio play the nine top tunes of the week, and none of us recognized any of them.

About noon the next day we started off again, passing through small straits and by small rock islands. The color of the water was changing, and finally we arrived in an area where the dirtiness of it indicated that here the waters of the river met the ocean. A tough-looking, grey, low Jap destroyer spun past us, and she was certainly moving. Then the river narrowed somewhat; the banks approached still closer, and the shell-pocked embankments, low fields and riddled buildings came within reliable vision.

The rest of this particular passage was told in these pages last year, and enough is enough. However, in closing this chapter, I'd like to mention one small sidelight of this new war in the East. Classed alongside other events, it doesn't warrant much more than an inch of space, but it's one of those things that go to make up the stories of life.

When the Japanese finally closed in on the International Settlement they had achieved something they had wanted to do for a long time. This small island of extra-Japanese power was like a goad to them. Now, no doubt, British, American and other nationals coming under the

Meds-27  
'Gineers-22

Interfac basketball has approached the stage where it is turning in a style of basketball which leaves little to be desired. Each week the games are more exciting. There is something in an interfac sport that is not encountered until real professional teams are reached. True, you don't see a great number of expert basketballers, but you see two teams in there fighting for everything they've got.

In the first game of the evening the Meds and Engineers fought to a 20-20 tie. No team was ever ahead, and just before the final whistle blew a Med received a personal foul. MacLean for the Engineers now had a chance to win the game, but he was a little off and missed completely. This necessitated overtime, and here the Meds chalked up 7 points to the Engineers' 2.

The spirit in which these teams played was a standout in the Med-Eng ambulance feud this week.

Lineups:  
Meds—Metcalfe 1, Bartlett 6, Follett 4, Fletcher 12, Tredger 2, Bradley 1, Porter 1.  
Eng.—Manifold 6, Bernstein 2, MacLean 5, Scott 2, Reynolds, Chizen, Hutton 2, Gibson 5.



January 26, 1942.

Editor, The Gateway.  
Dear Sir—In last Friday's edition you had a long article on the recent Brahms evening held by the University Musical Club. This article was unsigned. Now, I believe it to be the universal practice of responsible newspapers that news reports should not contain comment on the matter reported. If comment (especially of a personal nature) is made, then there ought to be a signature appended.

Since your reporter did not think his negligible piffle, offered as musical criticism, important enough to be signed, I suggest that your readers put the same value upon it.

Yours truly,

L. H. NICHOLS.  
Editor's Note: The front page of The Gateway is not confined to "news" stories. Criticisms of dramatic and musical performances have appeared before now on the front page. There has been no instance within the last three years where such front-page criticisms have been signed by the author's name.

There was no intention on the part of the authors of this article, Edith Fleming and Mac Campbell, to remain anonymous. Their anonymity was the result of the policy of the

paper's editors. We regret that Mr. Nichols has taken this stand on what we believe to be a fair and honest criticism of the performances at the Brahms evening. If he and the rest of the musical club wish glowing honey and butter news reports, we shall oblige. But we doubt if the other members of the society hold the same view as Mr. Nichols.

The White Russians have their faults and their virtues; some are good and some are bad; they are still human. But they are without a country. Before the Japanese "invasion" they made their living in various ways. A number of the younger chaps—very young, too, some of them—did a bit of soldiering for the Municipality; some worked at an artistic career, good or bad, what does it matter? Some of the old generals (?) still gave lectures on tactical movements of such and such a battle, and many of the young women and not-so-young women worked as hostesses in the many night spots within the Settlement.

For a time the Japanese band of steel around the city was held back by British and American arms, and in this pseudo-safe area this group of emigrants lived their lives. Now the arms of protection have been cut through. I wonder what the boys are doing now? Whatever it is, it is only with the blessing of the invader. The old men will have finished with their tales of past glory; the young husband must feel a certain torment in his present position, and those gay, beautiful ladies of the cabaret—well... We still remember what happened when Japanese troops ran wild some years ago, assaulting not only Chinese women, but (so it was reported) European missionaries. There's nothing to stop them now, and although I may be mistaken in my conclusions, I am inclined to think that that isolated colony has already experienced its share of tragedy and shame.

### Game Tied at Half-time, Gain Lead at End of Third, R.C.A.F. Tough Opposition

#### GAME PLAYED LAST TUESDAY

Hitting the peak of their form this season, Coach Fritz's C.O.T.C. basketball team downed a magnificent R.C.A.F. squad 36-30 in a close contest played last Tuesday evening in Athabaska gym. The C.O.T.C. men left nothing to be desired in play, as they forged ahead in the first half and maintained a 6-point lead until the final whistle. This is the third time that the local army boys have taken an R.C.A.F. team into camp, albeit they do possess a distinct advantage in being the same team as against the changing lineups that the air force must muster.

Tuesday night's exhibition instilled some measure of confidence into loyal supporters of the C.O.T.C., alias Golden Bears. They have so far displayed extremely erratic form, coming through to win some hard games, but on the other hand, dropping some very easy ones. The C.O.T.C. played steady, sound basketball throughout the entire frame, and combined smooth passing and expert ball handling with accurate shooting, to drop 18 field goals. An unusual feature of the game, and a testimonial to the fine spirit of both teams, was the fact that no fouls were called all evening, and no free throws allowed.

The R.C.A.F. copied the initial lead, and went ahead 10-5 in the first quarter, playing some very fine basketball to keep pace with the up-and-coming C.O.T.C. At half-time the teams were tied 18 all, and after the breather, and a little pep talk, the Army went out in front to stay. By the end of the third quarter the C.O.T.C. were ahead 30-24, and they held this lead until the bell, winning 36-30. It was a close contest, and was by far and away the best basketball seen this year. The C.O.T.C. played well as a team, and exhibited a complete reversal of strategy from former games. The new defence brought results, and there is every indication that it will do just that in Saskatoon tonight. All C.O.T.C. players agreed that the R.C.A.F. team of Tuesday night was the toughest opposition they have bucked this year, and their win is heartening. They played without the services of Demetrie Elefthery, who has always been a stalwart for the team. Larson and Shekter had field days, scoring 16 and 14 points apiece. For the R.C.A.F., Taylor was a standout, garnering 8 points. Taylor will be remembered as the Saskatchewan star of last year, who was one big reason why the Bears failed to bring back the Rigby Trophy. After Tuesday's game, Taylor opined that Saskatchewan would have to be going some to beat the Bears this year if they continue in their latest form.

Med-Dent-Nursing artists came third with a total of 49 points, while showing off their stars, Ninna Young, Bob Bartlett, George Smith and Shauna Little.

Men's individual high scoring honors went to Bonnie Jackson of the Engineers, who gathered five firsts and a total of 30 points.

Ladies' high scorer was Joan McDonald of the Arts, who came out on top with four firsts and 20 points.

The 1942 diving team is really good. Honors were shared by Bonnie Jackson and Gerline Rowan, each showing the best in close-cut dives.

The evening wound up with a real climax, the relay between the three teams. Again the Engineers won, but were only a c.c. or so ahead of the Meds and Arts teams.

Much of the success of this meet was due to the hard work of Gerline Rowan and Bob McDiarmid, coaches of the men's and women's swimming club.

Thanks also goes to Miss Foskett and Bill Mitchell, who acted as scorekeeper and judge respectively. All in all, the Swimming Club turned in a surprisingly good performance.

The enthusiasm shown at the meet gives one a good idea of the all out attack to be made next month on the swimmers of the U. of Saskatchewan.

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